THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

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IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE OF P. P. PRATT, DURING THE PERSECUTION IN MISSOURI, 1838.

(Concluded from our last.)

At length the morning began to dawn, but it proved to be a cloudy day; no mark was left in the heavens to determine the point of compass, while at the same time my road became every moment more obscure, and finally terminated in a deer path, which wound along among the hills and vales of a dense and entirely unsettled forest, and finally disappeared. It was now broad day. The wild forest extended around far and wide, with no sign of human existence or occupation. I still wandered slowly on, not knowing whether I was every moment travelling nearer to friends, and home, and liberty, or to the place of dreary confinement. The deer and wild turkey occasionally started up before me, and the howl of the wolf was heard in the distance. At length I came to a beautiful clear stream which seemed to wind through a fine valley. The wild flowers blooming in richest variety sent forth sweet odours, and the birds of the forest were pouring forth in profusion their evening songs.

I now sat down in safety and took a small biscuit from my pocket which sister Phelps had kindly provided, and which was my only store of food for the journey. With a hearty drink from the crystal stream and this biscuit, I made my first breakfast as a free son of Columbia. I recollect that while I sat enjoying this solitary meal, far from friends and home, surrounded with a scenery strange and wild, and without any guide or any knowledge where I should obtain the next refreshment, I thought of the sweets of liberty I now enjoyed, and with a thankful and joyous heart I exclaimed aloud, "Thank God for this hour, it is the happiest of my life; I am free, although lost in the wilderness, and if I cannot find myself, thank God nobody else can find me. In this happy valley the reader may leave me to rest awhile if he chooses, while he looks after the fate of the other prisoners and our two friends, and also of Mrs. Phelps and the affairs of the prison, bearing in mind at the same time that he must return again and accompany me through the whole dangers, toils, and incidents of my journey to a land of liberty.

At the time we were separated in the heat of the pursuit, Mr. Phelps made his escape much in the same manner as myself. He was at first closely pursued, but at length he out distanced them all, and once out of their sight he struck directly into the road, and rode on toward Illinois. He had proceeded a few miles on his way, when he was suddenly surrounded in the darkness of the night by a company of horsemen who were out in pursuit of the prisoners. They immediately hailed him, and cried out, "Say, stranger, God damn you, what is your name?" He replied in the same rough and careless manner, "You damned rascals, what is yours?" On finding he could damn as well as themselves they concluded he could

not be a Mormon, while his bold and fearless manner convinced them that he was not a man who was fleeing for his life. They then begged his pardon for the rough manner in which they had accosted him, exclaiming, "Oh, you are one of the rael breed. By God, no damned Mormon could counterfeit that language, you swear rael natteral; hurrah for old Kentuck. But whar mought you live stranger?" He replied, "just up here; you mout a kno'd me, and then agin you moudn't. I think I've seed you all a heap o' times, but I've been so dam'd drunk at the fourth of independence, I hardly know myself or any body else, but hurrah for old Kentuck; and what about the dam'd Mormons?" "What about em! egad, you'd a kno'd that without axin if you'd a seed em run." "What, they are not out of prison, ar they?" "Out o' prison! Yes, the dam'd rascals raised a flag of liberty in open day, and burst out, and down stars right in the midst of the public celebration, out-rassling the dam'd jailer, and outrunning the whole town in a fair foot race. They reached the timber jist as they war overtaken, but afore we could cotch em they mounted their nags, and the way they cleared was a caution to Crocket. We tuk one on em, and seed the other two a few feet distant, rushin' their nags at full speed, but we couldn't cotch em nor shoot em either; I raised my new Kentucky rifle, fresh loaded and primed, with a good percussion, and taking fair aim at one of their heads only a few yards distant, I fired, but the damned cap burst, and the powder wouldn't burn." "Well now, stranger, that's a mighty big story and seems enemost ompossible. Did you say you cotched one on em? Why I'd a tho't you'd a kilt him on the spot; what have you done with him?" "They tuk him back to prison I suppose, but it was only the old one. If it had a been one o' them tother chaps, we would a skin'd em as quick as Crocket would a coon, and then eat em alive without leaving a grease spot."

This interview over, the horsemen withdrew and left Phelps to pursue his way in peace. He rode on during the night without further molestation; but when day appeared he found himself in rather an awkward fix for a traveller, having lost his hat in the race the preceding day; he was therefore bareheaded, besides his face was somewhat bruised and scratched in the scuffle; however, he concluded to make the best of it, and trust to Providence for the issue. Riding up to a farmhouse to call for breakfast and to have his horse fed, he began to banter the host to sell him an old straw hat; "For," said he, "I got such a power of drink last evening at the big doings, that I couldn't ride straight, and tumbled off my horse once or twice, and finally lost my hat." Judging from his manner and the dirt and scratches on his face, they readily believed his tale, and furnished him with an old, wide-brimmed, miserable-looking hat, which served as a very good disguise during the remainder of the journey. Himself and horse refreshed, he renewed his journey, and finally arrived in Illinois in safety, having reached the ferry before his pursuers, and before the news of the escape had spread so far. By his arrival the news soon spread far and wide that we had made our escape from prison, and that we might be looked for soon. This news was received with a general joy, and produced a lively sensation, not only throughout the society, but among the public generally; for all parties had looked upon us as martyrs, doomed to suffer the vengeance of a set of bloodthirsty outlaws and murderers.—My brother, O. Pratt and the young Mr. Clark, who furnished us with the horses, must now be looked after.

When we parted in the thicket, as has been before described, they had only time to flee a few paces, when they found themselves completely surrounded on every hand, and no possibility left them of escape by running; they, therefore, dropped down into a small ravine which had been made by the water during some former freshet, and there lay as close to the earth as a young quail when its nest is disturbed. The enemy passed close by them a number of times, and so very near that they dared not to make the least motion, not even to look up to see whether they were discovered.

At length night came on; the pursuers retired, and they arose and pursued their journey on foot, and arrived safely in Illinois, soon after the arrival of Mr. Phelps. My brother immediately repaired to the residence of my wife and children, who were waiting his return in anxious suspense, in hopes to hear some news from me, whom they considered still in prison, not having as yet heard any news of the escape. As he entered the door, Mrs. P. raised her anxious and sorrowful eyes,

and eagerly enquired: "Have you seen my husband?" "I have," was his reply. "Is he yet alive?" said she, with an eager tone. "Yes," was the reply. "Is he well?" she continued. "He is," answered my brother. "Oh, thank God for that!" she exclaimed; and then enquired whether there was any ground to hope that he would ever get free and return alive. "Well, I hope so," replied he, "for the last time I saw him he was straddle of a horse in the woods, and headed towards home on a gallop." I shall not attempt to describe her feelings at that moment, as the reader can best imagine them; but suffice it to say, after her first transports were over, he sat down and related to her the whole affair which had transpired up to the time he last saw me. She was now full of hope and expectation, although mingled with fear and anxiety indescribable. If I eluded the pursuit of my enemies and arrived in safety, it was now time to look for my arrival; but if, on the other hand, I was taken back and chained down in a dungeon; or if I was shot down and left without a burial, to be a prey to wolves and turkey buzzards. Oh, dreadful thought! Oh, horrible suspense! Oh, the hope, joy, sorrow, anguish, misery, happiness, phrenzy, and feelings undefined, which agitate and distract the bosom of a wife and mother at such a moment. If man—hard-hearted, unfeeling man, could read the heart of a woman on such an occasion, he would never more drive, imprison, or kill his fellow-man.

She soon set about preparing for the reception of her husband, in case he should arrive faint and exhausted with hunger and fatigue. The table was spread, and food placed upon it; the house was illuminated through the night, during which her anxious and beating heart would not suffer her for one moment to sleep. She watched during the entire night, and on several occasions opened the door and looked abroad; but still the morning dawned, and he came not. Surely, thought she, he is slain or again confined in a dungeon, loaded with chains, and kept for a sure prey to glut the vengeance of a furious mob who have been disappointed of the rest of their victims.

The excitement now became general; friends crowded in to enquire the news and to sympathise with her, and to endeavour, if possible, to keep up her hopes. They argued that the same God who had delivered him from prison, and strengthened him in the chase; and the same God who prevented the powder from taking fire when the deadly rifle was aimed at him, would also stand by him and bring him in safety to his friends and home. This, in some measure, still kept her spirits from sinking in despair.

Armed men were now dispatched in various directions, along the river, and into Missouri, to endeavour, if possible, to meet with him and protect him home. Another day and night at length passed away in the same suspense, no tidings having been heard from him, nor from any of those who had gone in search. The pursuers, however, were known to be at the ferry on the other side of the river, watching his arrival. The same precaution was taken by them at all the public ferries for some distance up and down the river.

The suspense and anguish of her aching bosom now became intolerable; in vain they continued to assure her that he would be preserved and return in safety; she could plainly see that while they sought to comfort her with hope, they themselves were half in doubt, and beginning to despair of his deliverance. Another long day passed and another night set in, and still no news, except that the ferries on the Missouri side were all strictly guarded, and the entire people on the look out to take him dead or alive. She had now kept her table spread both night and day, and had watched for three entire nights without sleep. "He cannot be alive and free," exclaimed she, "or I know he would fly to meet the fond welcome of his wife and children, and relieve their aching hearts."

We must now return with our readers to the prison at Columbia, and take a glance at the scenes which followed our departure, and learn the fate of Mr. Follett and Mrs. Phelps.—As soon as the prisoners had cleared from the jailer, and were fairly under way, Mrs. Phelps, who was still an inmate of their dwelling, became the particular object of their spite and rage. The old jailer and his wife commenced to rail and curse her as the author of all the mischief. They threatened her with instant death, and finally turned her out of doors in the dusk of the evening, and in the midst of a mob who had gathered in great numbers around the prison,

and were swearing, cursing, and raging like so many tigers disappointed of their prey. Being a stranger, and without money, friends, or acquaintance in the place, she knew not where to go or what to do; she finally sat down in the open air in the midst of the mob, by whom she was assailed, cursed, insulted, threatened, and abused in the most unfeeling manner for some time. But she still remained on the spot, and scarcely noticed the slang and abuse of the raging rabble, so intent was she upon the issue of the race—not knowing from one moment to the other, whether her husband would be shot down, or whether he would be taken and brought back in triumph.

At length, after a watchful glance towards the wilderness, she heard the shout of triumph amid the hosts of the enemy, and next was re-echoed from crowd to crowd, amid vollies of oaths, curses, and exulting laughs—"We've catched one of the damn'd Mormons and we'll roast him alive, over a slow fire, damn him." They now rallied around her in great numbers, exulting and threatening, and boasting that they had taken her husband, and would kill him on the spot. While they were thus abusing her, she saw another crowd coming, and a prisoner in the midst, on whom they were venting their rage, as if he would be torn to pieces. As they approached nearer, it proved to be Mr. Follet, on Mrs. Phelps's horse and side-saddle. He had been surrounded, overpowered, and taken at the time we were each separated from the other. He was finally rescued from the mob, and thrust alive into the lower dungeon, and chained down to the floor. He remained in this doleful situation for a few days, till the wrath of the multitude had time to cool a little, and then he was unchained by the sheriff, and again brought into the upper apartment, and treated with some degree of kindness.

They now laughed with him about his adventure—praised him for his bravery—and called him a good fellow. The truth of the matter was, they had no great desire to take the lives of any but those whom they had considered leaders; and since they had discovered that Mr. Follett and Mr. Phelps were not considered religious leaders among our society, they were in no great danger, except they should happen to be killed in the heat of excitement or passion.

We now leave him in his lonesome prison, with no other society than the old apostate, Luman and his dear Phila, while we get sister Phelps out of the trouble she was in. After the fate of the prisoners seemed determined, she sank down exhausted on a block of wood in the open air amid the surrounding darkness. Here she was still mocked and insulted by the unfeeling rabble, till a certain young man, more feeling than the others, declared that he was not accustomed to see a female treated thus in America, and that if she had no home, his father and mother would receive her kindly, and give her protection under their roof till she could return to Illinois. He then went home, and in a few minutes returned with his mother, by whom she was kindly invited to their dwelling. On arriving there she was treated in the kindest manner for about two weeks, during which her horse was kept from her and rode in search of the prisoners. They finally restored her horse and saddle to her, and she rode home in peace, where she eventually met her husband, and rejoiced that she had been, in some measure, the means of his deliverance.

And here I might as well inform the anxious reader of the final liberation of the two remaining prisoners. Mr. Follett remained in confinement for several months, and finally was dismissed and sent home to Illinois, where he met his family who had been expelled from the state of Missouri, in common with others, during his confinement. And, last of all, the old apostate came out by fair acquittal; and should any of our readers have the curiosity to see the charming couple, whose singular courtship and history run through and make a principle thread of our narrative, they will call at the little town of Augusta, a few miles from Fort Madison, Iowa territory, and enquire for "Luman and Phila," who were living there in quiet at the last accounts. * * * * * * *

I suppose by this time the reader has either forgotten the circumstances in which he took leave of myself, or else is somewhat weary with the winding of the narrative, and impatient for it to come to a close. The only apology I have to offer for the many digressions and wanderings through which he has been led, is, that I consider it impolite and disrespectful to get myself out of a bad place until I have first seen my friends all safely out. True, I did not strictly observe this rule of good

breeding in the escape itself; therefore it becomes me to take the more care to observe it now, when there is no danger, except a slight danger of being deserted by some of my readers before I am safely out; however, if you still wish to accompany me in all the windings of my wearisome and dangerous adventure, we will now turn to the happy valley, where you recollect leaving me on the morning of the fifth of July, in the act of breakfasting on a small biscuit, while, to all appearance, I was lost to myself and to all mankind.

After resting a few minutes I arose and travelled onward, without any way to determine the course I was travelling. After some miles I came to a house in the woods, and ventured to enquire of the woman the way to Columbia, and what course it lay from there. By this means I learned that I was fourteen miles distant from the prison in a northerly direction. I then took a course directly opposite to her directions, and soon found myself among settlements, and in a kind of road, but very indirect and winding among fields and woods, or, in the language of that country, among "clarens" and "timber." I paid but little respect to the road, but rather wandered around among the forests, and made my course as well as I could without being seen.

At last the clouds thickened, and it began to rain. In the meantime I had again plunged into the depth of an unknown forest, and lost all idea of the true point of the compass. The air now became dense with thick clouds and mist, and the rain was pouring in torrents. At first I thought that rather than expose myself by another enquiry, I would sit down at the foot of a large oak and wait patiently for the clouds to break away, so that I could see the sun, and thus determine my course, as to travel in uncertainty would exhaust my strength for nought. I accordingly sat down; but after waiting for a length of time, I found there was no prospect of seeing the sun, moon, or stars for some days to come. In the mean time I was becoming wet and cold, lame and stiff-jointed from the effects of my exertions the night previous. I was also aware that hunger would soon be preying upon me, as I already felt very much in need of refreshment. I therefore arose and wandered on till I saw another house in the distance. I there ventured another enquiry, by which I was enabled to make my way through the windings of the forest, and finally to enter upon a vast prairie or untimbered plain without inhabitants. Through this plain there was a direct road to a place called Paris, which was now some twenty miles distant and directly on my way. Here I could travel in solitude, and have no difficulty in finding my way either by night or day; and should I chance to meet a traveller in pursuit, I could see him for some miles distant in the day time, and have time to leave the road and hide myself in the grass before he could be near me.

It was now drawing towards evening, and the rain was still pouring in torrents, while the wind blew almost to a tempest. I was weary and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and chilled and benumbed with the rain and wind which had drenched me for some hours. It had been my intention to travel through the night, but I now saw it was impossible. I would be obliged to rest my weary limbs somewhere; and to sit or lie down without shelter in such a tempest, and benumbed as I then was, would be death; or at least it would be what I could not endure; and to lodge at any house would expose me to be discovered and taken by my pursuers. As night approached, I hesitated for some time whether to continue to brave the tempest, and to pass the night in the rain, or to run the risk of being taken, by turning off the road and going a mile or two through the wet grass to a settlement which was in sight, in the borders of the wilderness, on the left of my road. At last I was compelled by the severity of the storm, to choose the latter. I accordingly made for a house; but how was I to account for being a traveller, and on foot? as nearly all men in that country travel on horseback. However, my ingenuity soon prepared me a way to account for this suspicious circumstance.

As I drew near the house, the owner stood in the door, looking out upon the tempest and watching my approach, it being rather strange to see a person from the open plain amid such a tempest. As I drew near, all wet and dripping, I cried out very sociably, saying "Sir, can you entertain a drowing man here this terrible night?" The answer was, "I reckon we mout; come in, stranger, you seem in a mighty bad fix." I hobbled in as well as I could, being very lame with walking,

as well as benumbed with the storm; and without giving time for any more inquiry, I began to complain of the fatigue of walking, and how it had lamed me; at the same time observing that my horse had played a very bad trick with me: he had got away from me and strayed in the timber, where I could not find him. "Ah (said he) how did you happen to loose him?" "Why (said I) I am from Indiana, and have been out in your wild woods back here, looking for land. I had been in a habit of letting my horse bait a little occasionally, as he never seemed inclined to leave, till, last evening, he of a sudden wandered out of my sight in the woods, and dark coming on I could not track him, and finally lost him; and what is worse, he carried off my clothing and all the fixings I had with me, even to my shooting irons and ammunition. I shall now have to go clear to Paris on foot, and then remain there a few days till I can advertise him and obtain him again."

"Oh! (exclaimed he) it's a pity you should have such a heap of trouble. Where did you stay last night?" I replied "the devil himself could hardly answer that; for in hunting my horse I got benighted, and lost myself instead of finding him; however I made my way out to the first cottage I could find, and took up with very curious fare, I assure you." "What part of Indiana are you from," continued he. "From near Terre Haute," replied I. "What is the price of land in that country now?" he enquired. I replied that it had risen very much since the completion of the great national road; "indeed (said I) as a specimen of the rise of property, I could now take twenty-five dollars per acre for my little place in the backwoods, which a few years ago only cost me three dollars and seventy-five cents, so I thought I would just mount my nag, and ride west here, and take a look in Illinois and Missouri, and if I could suit myself I would go home and sell out, and come out here and purchase." "Well (said he) I reckon you must do a heap better here than there, as we've a smart chance of land here that's very cheap, besides (continued he) we can make corn here so easy; and then, agin, there's a power of range for cattle and horses." In this kind of conversation the evening passed off very sociably. After eating a hearty supper I retired to bed.

In the morning I awoke much refreshed, and found the storm had subsided, and the sun shining in his strength. I tarried to breakfast, which consisted of a good cup of coffee and a fowl, with some corn bread or "dodger." After breakfast I vented my spite once more, with angry and impatient words about my poor horse; grumbled sorely at being so lame, and regretted very much at having to go on foot all the way to Paris; and, said I, I get so hungry and faint in walking over these lonesome plains, where the houses are a dozen miles apart, I believe, with your leave, I'll just pocket the remainder of the dodger and chicken. "O, yes, said the good woman, take it and welcome. You mout want it, and then agin you mout not; and although its coarse fare, yet we've seed a heap o' times in this new country that we couldn't get as good." I thanked her, and then settled my bill with her husband, and making her a present of a quarter of a dollar, I took leave, and soon found my way back to the road I had left the evening before. On arriving at the road I found a fresh horse track had been made since the rain, and immediately concluded one of my pursuers had passed in pursuit, which I afterwards learned to be the fact.

I would here remark that some persons will perhaps be disposed to censure me for saying that which was not strictly true in all its points, in order to avoid discovery, and make good my escape. But I can say, from the bottom of my heart, that I feel perfectly justified in so doing, not only because it accomplished a good object, and seemed according to wisdom, but we have numerous instances in scripture, where God's prophets and people acted in a similar way for a similar end. For instance, the New Testament justifies Rahab, and even commends her, and includes her in the sum of the faithful, because she hid the spies under the flax and then deceived their pursuers by stating that they had left the city and fled to the mountains; and thus she became an accomplice, or an aider and abettor of the people and purposes of God. David also, who was the Lord's anointed, and a man after his own heart, dissembled a number of times to save his life. At one time he deceived the national priest, and thus obtained both bread and armour, under pretence of being on the king's errand, while he was in fact an outlaw, then in the act of fleeing for his life from that same Saul. And Jesus himself mentions this

to the Jews, and justifies it. — At another time he feigned himself insane by figuring on the wall, and letting his spittle drizzle down on his beard, in order to escape the Philistine judges. Oh, yes; says one, but he was the Lord's anointed, and therefore had a right to save his life at all hazards, to fulfil God's purposes. To this I reply, that I am also God's anointed, and have a greater reason for living, and a more worthy object to accomplish than he had. That may be, says the objector, but who believes it? I answer, one hundred people believe me in the days of my trouble and humility, where one believed David. And well they may; for I have a greater work to accomplish than he ever had. But the world may blame unjustly. I care not a straw for their judgment. I have one only that I serve; and him only do I fear. The hypocrite who censures me, may yet be placed under similar circumstances, and then judge ye how he would act.

But, to drop the argument and resume the history, I now pursued my way until I entered upon a public road called the Louisiana road, as it was connected with a ferry on the Mississippi, at a place called by that name. I had travelled that road before, and I was not a little rejoiced to find myself on ground I was so well acquainted with, that I could travel by night, without any danger of missing my way. I was now in a part of the state which was comparatively thickly inhabited, and therefore considered it unsafe to proceed in the daytime, as the news of our escape must by this time have spread far and wide. I therefore spent the day either in concealmennt among the thickets, or in slowly progressing on my journey with much caution and many deviations from the road, in order to shun plantations and houses; but at night I pursued my way with all the strength I had.

On the third or fourth day after my escape from prison, I found myself in the neighbourhood of a settlement where I had formed some acquaintance years before, and where once lived a small branch of the church, but they had all moved west, and as I supposed, were driven out of the state with the others. But I recollected a family by the name of Ivy, who would still be living on the road, and who had been members, but were now dissenters. I was now very hungry, and wanted a friend, but was in doubt whether they would befriend or betray me, as they had once been my friends, and not only so, but their near kindred had suffered in the general persecution, and had shared the common banishment. I hesitated, prayed, and at length came to the conclusion that I would venture past their door in open day, and if no one discovered or recognised me I would take it as a providence, and conclude it was wisdom in God, as I would not be safe with them; but if on the other hand, I was saluted by them, then I would think it a sign which Providence had given me as a witness that I could trust to them. I accordingly walked past their dwelling on Sunday evening, about two hours before sundown. As I got nearly past, the little children who were playing in the front door yard, discovered me, and cried out with surprise and joy, "there is brother Pratt!" At this a young man came running out to me, who proved to be one of my acquaintance, who was still a member of the church, and who had been driven from the upper country, but instead of going to Illinois with the rest, he had come back and settled in his old neighbourhood. I asked him where Mr. Ivy, the man of the house was. He replied that he and his wife had gone to a neighbour's, two or three miles distant, on a visit; and continued he, I also am here on a visit at the same time, and by this means I have very unexpectedly met with you; and I am very glad, for the news has just reached here that the prisoners had escaped, and that they burst a cap at one, and took another and carried him back to prison. The other two have not been found. This was the first news I had heard, either of myself or the others. I then requested him to go and charge the children strictly, not to mention that they had seen me; and then come with me into the woods.

He did so. I then told him I was very hungry, faint, and weary; and not only so, but so lame I could hardly move; besides my feet were blistered, skinned, and bloody. He said that his brother, who was also a member, and had been driven with him from the upper country, lived in an obscure place in the woods, some two miles distant, and that his brother's wife and children were as true and genuine Mormons as ever lived. He then took me on his horse and conducted me through a pathless wild for two miles, and coming in sight of his brother's house, I dismounted and hid myself in a deep valley, whose sides were nearly perpendicular

and formed of craggy rock, while he went to reconnoitre the house, and to get something ready for me to eat. He soon returned, informing me that his brother was out and would not be in till dark, but the family wished very much that I would come in, as the children would hold their tongues, and it was thought to be perfectly safe. I declined, however, for the present, and he brought me out some bread, milk, and cream, on which I refreshed myself till they prepared a more substantial supper.

As evening came on, being pressed very much to come in, I finally consented. On entering I was received with joy by the family, and sat down to supper. One of their neighbours, a young man, soon came in and seemed determined to tarry till the arrival of the man of the house, as he had some errand with him. This embarrassed me very much, for I was fearful that he would arrive and salute me as an old acquaintance, and call my name in the presence of the young man. But the little children (bless their souls) took good care for that matter, they watched very narrowly for the arrival of their pappa, and when they saw him and whispered to him that brother P. was there, and being just out of prison, he must not know him till Mr. —— had gone.

The man came in, and I looked up with a vacant stare, or rather with a strange and distant air, and enquired if he was the man of the house? he nodded coolly in the affirmative. I then enquired of him if he had seen any stray "nags" in his neighbourhood? I then went on to describe a span of horses which had strayed from me, and observed that I was out in search of them, and, being weary and hungry, I had stopped to get some refreshment with him. "He said I was welcome to his house and to such fare as he had; but he had not seen any nags except what was owned in the neighbourhood.

The young man soon did his errand and withdrew. We then shook each other by the hand most heartily, and with a burst of joy and smiles enquired after each other's welfare. I told him I was well nigh exhausted and worn out, and withal very lame, but still I had some hopes of making my escape out of the State, and of living to see my family once more in a land of liberty. I then begged of him to exchange with me, and take my fur cap and give me a hat in the stead, which he did, and then saddled his horse with a side-saddle, as the young man who was in had just borrowed the other saddle, and placing me on horseback, he run before me and by my side, on foot, to take me on my journey. In this way we travelled till twelve o'clock at night, when I dismounted, and he bid me farewell, in order to reach his home again before the neighbours would arise and find him missing.

He had given me directions which would lead to the Mississippi river much nearer than the Louisiana ferry, and also more in the direct course towards my family, who resided at Quincy, and besides all these advantages, the route was more obscure, and therefore safer for me. I now pursued my course the remainder of the night with renewed courage and strength, although so very lame, foot-sore, and so much exhausted that, in lying down to refresh myself, I could not again rise and put myself in motion short of extraordinary and repeated exertion, sometimes having to crawl on my hands and knees, till I could get sufficiently limbered to arise and walk, and frequently staggering and falling in the attempt.

At length the day began to dawn, and I must soon be under the necessity of hiding in the thickets, or making deviations from the road in order to avoid discovery in passing the settlements. I therefore wished to push my way with all speed while it was yet too early for people to be stirring; but sleep now completely overpowered me. As I was walking along the road, I could scarcely open my eyes for a moment to look my way for a few rods a-head, and they would then close in sleep in spite of all my powers. I would then proceed a few paces in my sleep, till I stumbled or till I had need to take another look at the road before me; then I would open my eyes and take one glance, and the lids would fall again as powerless as if I had no life. In this way I walked on, alternately sleeping and waking, till, I presume, I had more than fifty naps without ceasing to walk; and each time I opened my eyes and came to my senses, I firmly resolved to keep them open and run no further risk; but while this resolution was still passing in my mind, sleep would again steal over me, not exactly unawares, for I realised it each time, but had no power to prevent it.

At length the twilight gave place to the full blaze of the morning; the sons of the earth were again in motion; I therefore retired like the owl to the thicket and took a morning rest. When I awoke the sun was high in the heavens, and, feeling somewhat refreshed, I arose from the ground and wandered slow and solitary amid the wilds of oak, interspersed with hazel and underwood, sometimes stopping to pick and eat a few unripe blackberries, and sometimes resting beneath the shade of a spreading tree.

I had now great hopes of having to pass but one more night in a land of enemies, as I could easily reach a small town in the course of the day, which was then only two or three miles distant; and then if I could by any means get on to the right track before night, I would only have about eight or ten miles travel for the whole night, which would bring me to a small town on the Mississippi. I wandered on amid the wilds, but at length about half a mile of open plain or prairie intervened between me and the town. To pass this in a public road, in open day, would be running a great venture, and to wait for the cover of darkness would perhaps keep me wandering another night, for the want of being started in the right road from the town before me to the landing on the river. I therefore concluded to venture across the plain, along the public highway, in the day time, and should I be discovered, I would sell my life as dear as possible, sooner than be taken back to prison. I therefore walked boldly on. I had proceeded about to the middle of the plain, when, on a sudden turn of the road, two men appeared on horseback, each with a rifle on his shoulders. They were then too near for me to retreat, or to make any other shift than to meet them. As soon as they discovered me they both halted as if surprised, and one said to the other, 'there he is now.' They then rode on towards me, and I expected every moment that they would hail and attempt to stop me. In such a case I felt fully determined to seize one of their rifles and overpower or frighten them, or die in the struggle.

I at length passed between them in the middle of the road, and looked as calm and unconcerned as if I hardly knew they were there. Either from this circumstance or some other, unaccountable to me, they never spoke to me at all, but rode on and I saw them no more. I soon passed the plain and made my way into a small thicket of trees, which lay adjoining the little town. I then crept up near the court house, which occupied a public square in the centre, and endeavoured, without being discovered or noticed by any person, to ascertain as well as I could by my own judgment, which of all the roads would seem to lead off towards the river. After reconnoitering the town and the various bearings of the roads, I retreated back into the wilderness with the satisfaction that I had not yet been discovered by the citizens; I had also the satisfaction of seeing the highlands and the hilly broken country which evidently bordered on the Mississippi. The river therefore could be but a few miles distant, and as it was yet several hours to sundown, I concluded that I could take my course, and without any particular regard to roads, reach some spot on the river that evening, as nothing was to be so much dreaded as a public ferry—for there I knew my enemies would set their traps.

I immediately took my course, and after wandering for an hour or two, with great fatigue, among thickets of brush-briars and vines almost impassable, I at length descended a steep decline of perhaps two hundred feet, well nigh perpendicular, and then came down to what is called in that country the 'river bottom,' covered with the growth of thick forest, and appearing in some places somewhat swampy and gloomy; but still I pushed on with all speed, supposing I was not many miles from the river Mississippi. After travelling for some distance in this disagreeable and swampy wild, what was my surprise and disappointment, when on a sudden I came to a dark, deep, and muddy-looking river, some forty rods wide, and rolling with a swift and turbulent current. This surely could not be the Mississippi; and yet it was something that intervened between me and that great river, and seemed to present an impassable barrier. I then hove a deep sigh, and feeling exhausted and almost discouraged, I exclaimed to myself half aloud, how long shall I wander and find no rest? it does seem as though an enchanted ground lay between me and liberty. I turned round, and with the little strength that then remained, I made my way back to the town. When I arrived again in sight of the town, the sun was setting, and another wearisome night was approach-

ing in which I must reach the river, or I would probably be exhausted with hunger and fatigue, so as to be entirely disabled.

I now resolved to venture boldly into a public highway, and to ascertain the right road before it would be too dark to find my way or choose my course. There would not only be danger of exposure by enquiring, but, although I knew there was a little town on the Mississippi, near the place I was then in, yet I had never heard the name of it; and to appear like a stranger who did not know the country and yet be on foot and without a parcel or valise, or any thing which travellers are accustomed to carry, and withal a beard near a week old, together with sweat and dirt over my clothes from lying and tumbling on the ground, would altogether make me seem like a very suspicious character; but yet I must venture an enquiry, which I determined to do the first providential opportunity which occurred. I walked along the edge of the town, and struck into a public highway which seemed to lead the right course. I had not travelled far when I came to a branch of the same river which I had encountered in the swampy bottom. On one side of the road a mill was situated on its bank, and on the other side a dwelling house. Several persons were about the mill, and it was not yet dark.

I was now determined to pass by boldly, and if any one passed near me to speak to them and enquire the way, and then pass on so quick that they would have no time to have suspicion or to question me. Just as I was passing between the house and the mill, I said, "good evening, sir. How do you cross this river?" He replied, "that the teams and horsemen ford it, but a footman may chance to cross it on the mill dam, yonder." Said I, "is this the right road to—to—what the plague is it you call that little town yonder—your nearest landing on the river—what is its name; I can seldom think of it?" "O! Saverton—Saverton," replied he. "O, yes: Saverton," I repeated. "Yes," said he, "this is the direct road to it." I replied, "Thank you sir. How far is it?" "Nine miles," said he. By this time I was some distance past him, and in another moment I was balancing my clumsy and worn out body on the edge of the dam, while the waters were roaring and foaming beneath me.

I got safely over, and now pursued my way with increasing hope and certainty. However, I had not gone to exceed half a mile before I came to another fork of the river, larger and swifter than the one I had just crossed, and withal, neither dam nor bridge. I soon forded boldly into it, determined either to sink, swim, or ford it. It proved to be about a yard deep, with a strong current, and several yards wide; but I forded it in safety, and still pursued my way. After wandering for a mile or two along the bottom lands, I ascended a high bluff of several hundred feet, and thus entered upon the high, rocky, and unsettled wilds which intervened between the bed of the river and the great Mississippi.

It was now dark, and I was fairly under way for my night's journey, which at most could not exceed seven or eight miles, and feeling extremely exhausted and also at leisure, I stepped aside from the road and laid me down at the foot of a tree, with a block of wood for a pillow, where I intended to sleep for an hour or two. It was a wild scene in which to slumber; no human abode was near, no voice or sound stole upon the stillness of the evening. The stars shone forth in unwonted splendour in the heavens, while wild and grassy hills, and rocky steeps pierced with deep vales and chasms, extended far and wide on all sides, as if reposing in eternal and undisturbed quiet and loneliness. Ah! thought I, as I lay in silent meditation and contemplated the scene, here is peace, here is rest, here is a solitude of grand and sacred repose, scarcely polluted by the bloodthirsty dwellers upon the degraded earth. And were it not for the ties of wife, children, and duties which bind me to society, how gladly would I seek a lone cavern or some unknown retreat amid those romantic wilds, and never more feel the ills and suffer the evils which now distract and disturb the peace of a poor miserable world. As I had finished these meditations and was about to fall asleep, I turned on to my side and made a slight movement in adjusting my wooden pillow, when I heard the well known rattle of a rattlesnake (eez., eez , eez.,) close by my side, as if disturbed in his repose, or as if I had more than my portion of the bed. I then recollected the old proverb, that "travelling makes strange bedfellows," and also the scripture which says, "if two lie together there is heat, but how can one be warm alone." Said I, "old

friend, I'll not argue with you as my first mother did with your venerable ancestor, and rather than quarrel or keep you awake, we will part asunder." With this, I arose and very condescendingly sought out another bed, where I was so fortunate as to remain in undisturbed possession till the chill of the night air admonished me to be again on the move.

I then arose, and after much exertion became at length able to use my limbs, and thus continued my journey. Early dawn found me standing on a height which overlooks the little village of Saverton and the broad river, which was the only barrier between me and safety from my enemies. As the rays of the morning began to expand with increasing light, the dark outlines of the wooded bottoms of Illinois were distinctly visible. I had now seen with my eyes the land of peace, and a land which contained family, friends, and all that was dear to me; but oh, if I should be intercepted at the ferry, and thus lose at once my labour and my hope. I now knelt down and prayed fervently to God for deliverance, and thanked him for the past, and for his mercy and providence which had preserved me thus far.

I then descended from the height and entered the town, the people yet being wrapt in repose. I examined the shore and soon convinced myself that no public ferry was kept there. I was extremely glad to learn this fact, being fully aware that by this time all the ferries would be watched. I next tried to find some road or path up the river bank, so as to pass along and obtain the use of some chance canoe, but this was impossible. Huge rocks and mountainous steeps, with alternate ditches or patches of mire, rendered it impossible, even for a footman, to pass up the bank of the river. I then made my way down along the sandy beach which lay before the town, and just as the people were beginning to stir, I left the town and continued along down the river for some five miles, sometimes climbing steep and rocky spires of the bluffs, and sometimes wading through mire and marsh.

At length I came to a dwelling on the banks of the river, and saw several canoes lying in the water before it. I entered the house and enquired of the lady whether I could get a passage over the river in a canoe. She replied that her husband sometimes set people across, but owing to the swift current, and a large island several miles in length, which lay in the middle of the river, it was a tedious job, for which he never charged less than a dollar; but, however, he was very busy in the harvest field, about a mile distant, and owing to the hurry of the harvest, she did not think he could be prevailed on to do it at any price. I was now ready to faint from extreme heat, and exertion, and hunger, and to walk another mile and back upon an uncertainty was altogether out of the question, to say nothing of the danger of exposure to which it would subject me.

I cast my eyes towards the canoes and they looked very tempting, and I know not but I might have been tempted to charter one without the leave of the owner, but just then I saw a little boy of ten or twelve years of age playing about the water. I asked him if he was accustomed to paddling a canoe. He replied, yes. I then offered him a good price if he would set me across the river. He refused to do this, saying that he had never been so far alone on the water, and the wind might arise, or at least his parents would whip him for so doing. But, said he, "I will set you over on to yon big island, which is one mile from here; you can then walk a mile or two through the woods and come to the opposite shore of it, and then shout and make signs to the people on the Illinois shore, who will come across their half of the river and take you from the island." He observed that persons had frequently crossed over in this way. I hardly believed him, but still I thought an uninhabited island was preferable to staying another minute in Missouri.

The boy soon set me over and left me on the shore of the island, pointing out my course as well as he could. I paid him well and then commenced my overland journey, among nettles, flies, mosquitoes, and heat. I was soon entangled in thickets of hazel, thorn, and grape vines, which made my progress very slow, as well as extremely laborious and difficult. These, however, were soon intersected with sloughs of mire and water, which could only be crossed with the utmost difficulty, by picking my way on old logs and wood, and sometimes wading in mire and water. After crossing several of these, I at length came to one much larger, which I judge was navigable for a steamboat, and I now found, to my inexpressible horror and disappointment, that he had deceived me. I had now no alternative

left but to make my way back through the same difficulties I had just passed, and to the shore where he had left me, and then I should have no other chance but to call and make signs to the Missouri shore, which I had just left with so much joy and as I hoped for ever. This was at length accomplished, and I had the inexpressible joy of seeing my sign answered by the same boy, who soon came paddling to me. As soon as his canoe touched the island I bounded into it, and said to him with a determined tone and manner, "you have deceived me, my boy, so now you have to go to the opposite shore if you never went before, and I will then pay you another dollar, which will pay you, even if your parents chasten you for going." We now headed up the current, and after a painful and laborious exertion of an hour or two, we doubled the cape at the head of the island, and shot off across the river at a rapid rate.

We soon landed in the woods in a low bottom, with no signs of inhabitants, although while crossing I had seen some houses on the shore a mile or two below. I now paid the boy his dollar, and he pushed off and commenced his way back exceedingly well pleased. I immediately stepped a few paces into the woods, and kneeling down kissed the ground as a land of liberty, and then poured out my soul in thanks to God. I then arose and made my way down the river for some two miles through woods and swamps, and finally came to a house. I entered it, determined to call for something to eat; no one was in but a little boy, but he said his mother would be in in two or three minutes. I asked him for some milk, and he gave me a vessel which was full, probably containing between one and two quarts. I intended only to taste of it to keep me from fainting, and then wait till the woman came, and ask her leave to drink the remainder, as it was all she had; but once to my famishing mouth it never ceased to decrease till it was all swallowed; I now felt somewhat abashed and mortified at what I had done, but concluded money would pay all damages. Hearing the footsteps of the woman at the door, I was fixing my mouth for an awkward apology, when I heard a sudden scream; on looking up, Mrs. Sabery Granger stood before me, with both hands lifted up in an ecstacy of amazement. I said to her, "be not afraid—handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see me have." She exclaimed, "why, good Lord, is that you? why all the world is hunting you, both friends and enemies; they had almost given you up." She then flew round, scolded the children, talked to the ducks and chickens to keep out of the house and out of the garden, and not stray off.—She washed my feet, gave me some clean stockings, got me some dinner, told me a thousand things about our friends, asked five hundred questions, laughed, cried, and again scolded the children and chickens.

This over and dinner eat, she on with her bonnet and accompanied me to her husband, who was clearing a small spot of land near by. [I had forgotten to say that this woman had been one of our nearest neighbours in Ohio for several years.] Her husband now dropped his work, and accompanied me as a guide for five miles across a wet, low, untimbered bottom, covered mostly with high grass and stagnant water, and entirely destitute of shade or refreshment of any kind. The air was now extremely sultry, and the sun poured in scorching beams, while we could get no water to drink, nor any rest or retreat for a moment. To sit down in the tall grass under these scorching rays, without a breath of wind, would be overwhelming.

I had not proceeded more than a mile or two before I became so weak and faint that I could hardly speak or stand, and parched with a burning thirst. I was upon the point of lying down in the hot and stagnant water, but he took me by the arm and partly supported me, and drew me along for some distance, exhorting and begging of me to try my utmost to hold up a little longer. In this way I finally reached the upland and the shade of a fence, within about half a mile of a settlement of the Saints and other citizens, which extended along the bluff. I dropped down under the shade of this fence and fainted entirely away; the man ran to the house of a brother Brown and got some cold spring water and a little camphor, and was returning with it. Sister Brown, who had never seen me, came running before him to my relief; while they were yet distant I had partly come too, and feeling a dreadful faintness at my stomach, and a raging thirst which knew no bounds, I made an effort to arise and run towards them, at the same time making signs for them to hasten; I staggered a few paces like a drunken man, and again fell to the

earth. This singular appearance, and my dirty clothes and long beard so frightened the woman, that instead of hurrying she halted till the man came up with her, and then she exclaimed, "it cannot be Elder Pratt of whom I have heard so much —it must be some old drunkard." But the man assured her it was me, and they then came on together. They bathed my temples and wrists in cold water and camphor, and finally gave me a spoonful or two at a time to drink. In about half an hour I was so far revived as to be able to arise and be led to the house. I then shaved and washed myself, and borrowed a change of linen, and got into a comfortable bed.

Next morning I felt quite refreshed, and after resting through the day, I was so far recruited as to be able to mount a horse at evening and ride towards Quincy, which was still twenty-five miles distant. Brother Brown now furnished me a good horse and saddle and himself another, and we started for Quincy in high spirits just as the sun was setting. We rode on at a brisk rate, and arrived in Quincy at about two o'clock next morning. Riding up to the dwelling where (from the partial recollection of Mr. Brown, as well as from the fact of my two Missouri cows lying before it quietly chewing their cud) we judged my wife resided, we dismounted and gave a gentle knock at the door. She had watched for four successive nights and most of the fifth, and had now just lain down and given up all for lost. On hearing the knock she sprang from bed and opened the door, and in another instant we were in each others arms. She asked me what I stood in need of as to refreshment. I told her I needed nothing but a drink of water and a good sleep. At this she was much surprised, as she expected I would arrive in an exhausted state, if I arrived at all. Next day, and indeed for several days I did nothing but shake hands with, and receive the congratulations of, my friends and fellow-citizens of all sects and parties, who thronged in great numbers to see me, and welcome me to liberty and life.

I now close my narrative by saying, that I hereby appoint unto my children and my childrens children, in their generations and nations forever, that the fourth day of July be observed by them as a day of feasting, thanksgiving, and processions, with music and with joy, not only as the birth-day of American liberty, but as a day of deliverance to their father. And when the stars and stripes of our national banner are unfurled to the breeze in honour of that day, let a small flag be also unfurled to wave in triumph. Let it consist of the half of a shirt, with an eagle and the word "Liberty" rudely formed on the same by stripes of red cloth; and when they look upon it, let them remember him who suffered for liberty and truth, and to win and perpetuate the blessings they enjoy.

And should the cause of liberty and equal rights ever require their action in the battle-field, let this rude flag be the standard which shall lead them to victory or to death. And whenever it is unfurled in the cause of right and freedom, I now leave my blessing upon it in the name of Jesus Christ, and say that it shall never be dishonoured, but shall always prevail till the rod of oppression shall cease from the earth, and peace and truth shall spread and extend their dominion without end.

P. P. Pratt.

Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.

DECEMBER 19, 1846.

The present number being the last of our eighth volume, which, together with the near approach of the closing year, brings round to us, as editor, the pleasing customary duty of addressing our readers at this important period—a period when, before we again shall have the privilege of appearing before you, the now fast-waning year will have passed into the womb of time, leaving nought but the records of deeds done to call it again to our remembrance; and oh, my dear readers, how many of us are there, who have not deeply to regret the omission of duty, and the

commission of sins, of which we have been guilty during the now departing year? and oh, how many are there—we fervently hope not a few—who can say with those of old—"I have fought the good fight, and God will give me the victory?"

But the now closing year of 1846 is one that will ever remain memorable in the annals of our church—memorable, not alone for what has transpired in this country, but memorable from what has occurred on the western continent of America also. In this country we have suffered from inward foes, who, from the station they held, under the assumed mask of meekness and righteousness, have done their utmost to sap the foundation of our church's prosperity; and although they prospered for a season, the time came when it was essentially necessary to call them to an account of their stewardship, and cast them down from their exalted stations. In America we have suffered from outward enemies, who, persecuting us with the spirit of demons, have driven us and our families from our homes, to seek an asylum in the wilderness; and thus have we become, like the Israelites of old, wanderers and strangers in a remote land; but "he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will not see his children forsaken, nor their seed begging their bread." We rely, therefore, with confidence upon the strength of his arm, well knowing that when the measure of their inquity is full—when the cup of their unrighteousness overflows, a day of awful retribution will come, in which he will hurl the thunders of his displeasure upon their guilty land, for he has said—"vengeance is mine, and I will repay it." Woe, woe then be to the States of Missouri and Illinois; ye have mercilessly shed the blood of innocent and unoffending men; ye have tarnished the fair fame of your boasted star-spangled banner; and ye now stand as foul and withering spots upon the escutcheon of your country's freedom.

If, then, the closing year has become memorable for deeds of evil, let us hope that it will be equally memorable for deeds of a contrary tendency.—We have been resident in this land but a few short weeks, yet it is a source of sincere gratification to our feelings to know that, even in the brief period we have been with you, much has been done to reconstruct on sure and safe grounds the future prosperity of the church as established in latter days, which, from the apathy and supineness of those lately at its head in this country, has been allowed to languish with a listless indifference most truly incomprehensible. Oh! it is painful to reflect, that men placed in situations to act as lights unto the head and lamps unto the feet, should so far forget their duty towards their Creator and themselves, as to be led captive by the allurements and temptations of Satan, until they sink into the depths of degradation, by committing deeds which, but a short time ago, the mere thoughts of would have caused the cheek to be tinged with a crimson hue.

Let, then, the year 1846 stand out in bold relief as a warning to all—let it be engraved on the tablet of your memories that punishment must follow sin, and that righteous conduct will have a just reward.—As a church, however, we have every cause to rejoice—as a body, we have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting; and although there is much to comfort, still there is much yet to accomplish. Let us then, while it is yet day, freely use those energies with which we have been endowed, to advance the welfare of our cause, that we may be the means of bringing many sheep into the fold of God's kingdom; and that as time rolls on its ceaseless round, we may increase in strength and power to the honour of him whose we are, that at the last, when he shall call us hence away, we may be found amongst the myriads of blessed spirits that attend upon his throne.

We now, dear readers, conclude our labours for the year, trusting we shall meet you again at the dawn of 1847, arrayed with our shield and buckler, and strongly armed with the determination to do our duty. But previous to laying aside our pen,

let us present to you the compliments of the season; yet remember, that while you are enjoying the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, your friends and brethren are passing their departing year in the wilderness; let, therefore, your festivals be tempered with reason—commisserate the situation of your brethren—and pray, fervently pray, that the departing year may be the last in which the Saints of God are to suffer by the hands of ruthless and wicked men.

"AN ungodly man diggeth up evil, and in his lips there is as a burning fire."—*See Proverbs* xvi. 27.—William Law dug for evil against the Saints until he became a spiritual bankrupt. Sidney Rigdon next entered the pit and began to dig, but being very corpulent, *though accustomed to that kind of labour*, he soon tired, and sat down to rest in the hole of the pit which he had digged. Strang discovered next a vacancy in the subterraneous vault, and saw that there was no active labourer in the pit, consequently he enters the dark dominions, full of zeal and full of strength. He is resolved to prosecute the work without intermission, and feels to reproach his predecessors for not going rightly to work at this difficult undertaking. Messrs. Law and Rigdon were quite respectable merchants and manufacturers of this article, and we think that their successor should not reproach them, for they could not only produce the raw material, but manufacture it to order to suit any country or climate; but by some unforseen changes in the times, they experienced a sad reverse of fortune. It will be remembered that that kind of trade is very fluctuating at best; but as no man ever enters upon that business with real capital, but with a false or assumed one, persons of real merit seldom suffer by that business for one most substantial reason—*they will never engage in it.* Though Strang has called to his aid, John C. Bennett, John E. Page, Wm. Smith, and G. J. Adams to assist him, (men who are fond of dirty work), yet he will find 'ere long the side walls to give way, and the pit they are digging for their neighbour will become their own grave.

We understand that the Reverend Mr. Baylee has procured his pick axe and spade, and is about to enter the pit and commence operations. We are informed that his pick axe is a certain anonymous letter writer, and his other instrument is is "Spade, the gardener's wife." The gardener having discovered that the spade was not his own property, but another man's, and withal not *well-tempered* to suit his purpose, he therefore exported it to a foreign country, being willing to deceive foreigners. But "*them are*" Yankees soon discovered the baseness of the metal of which the spade was manufactured, and sent *it* back again to the shipper, as they do all other spurious metals. The gardener has to keep his spade and house it—very much to his annoyance at times. He no doubt has just cause for all his troubles.

For the correctness of our statements with regard to Mr. Baylee's intentions, we cannot vouch; it is but hear-say with us. We know but little of Mr. Baylee; but in one of his notes to us, he expressed a wish to meet us "as a gentleman and a christian." We learn also from other sources that he is a very gentlemanly man; but we do not think that it was a mark of the purest refinement or of christianity to disturb a public meeting on the sabbath, as we are told he did; but his late quietude and silence give us evidence of reformation, and charity therefore directs us to consider him a gentleman still.

But we would like to know, notwithstanding, why the Reverend Gentleman cannot come over to the Music Hall as well now as he could some time ago, when he interrupted the meeting of the Saints. He came out of his parish then, and why not now? He may say that he has not interrupted any meeting; but if we had done in his church what he did in our hall, we think that he would have considered

it an interruption serious enough to have had us arrested the next day. But we never did interrupt any other denomination's meeting, and we shall have to be made over anew before we can ever bring our feelings to do it; yet we dismiss the subject for the present.

But with regard to this said letter writer. We have spoken of him in dark sentences because we do not think him worthy of being brought forth into the halo of light, but as he has chosen darkness, we are content to let him go away into outer darkness—his own element. He is already where the blessings of God's Holy Spirit will never reach him, but where his curse will. It will search him out and settle into the marrow of his bones like oil, and when this comes upon him, let him know that we speak by the Spirit of God. And if it does not come upon him in this way, he may call us a false prophet. And let this be the portion of him also that is secretly aiding and abetting him, though he be never so fair and good to our face. Unstable as water is he, and double-minded in all his ways.

LETTER FROM ELDER DAN JONES.

The following letter gives cheering accounts of the success of the gospel. Similar accounts come from all parts:—

Merthyr, Dec. 2nd, 1846.

Dear brother Hyde,—Having a few minutes time, at length I write you again, hoping you have received my previous letters. As to business I have just seen brother Henshaw, and he has promised to remit me some money in a few days—on account. He complains of having STARS out unpaid for, and several of the books on hand. I have set some of the Elders to work getting subscribers for the STAR, especially in those districts where people understand English, but have not had their reports as yet—hence I cannot say how many can be sold. I have appointed brother Henshaw to preside over the Garaway Conference, there he will be able to sell more in proportion to the members.

Please inform brother Cain (if convenient), that if he sends about twenty or thirty of the PLATES, "Joseph and the Indians," I will do all I can to sell them and refund him the money as soon as sold, but I have not a *dollar* by me now, having remitted the last to pay for the publishing of the "*Welsh Star*." That does not now (the first year) sustain itself, nor anything like it; besides I have been enabled, by means of my publication, not only of diffusing much information through ever county in Wales, but also to sustain, principally, some ten or twelve travelling Elders abroad through this season thereby; and I have great cause to rejoice already that I have been enabled so to do, and that the great God has abundantly crowned our labours with success.

Great and glorious reports continue to greet my ears daily, of the success of the gospel through all parts of Wales. I have three letters before me now, welcome heralds, showing that thirty have been baptized last week in four branches only, besides a host at the door. Hardly a letter arrives but brings intelligence of some one in some place or other having been born again; and not only do they come in, but almost universally they *stay in;* and more cheering still, they go on rejoicing in the glorious hopes of "life and immortality," and of that "crown which fadeth not away." You will believe me when I assert that they are a blessed, a good, yes, the best people I ever saw,—such love, union, and ambition to go on towards perfection. May the great God bless them, I say, and keep them onward, for I do love them, and I know that brother Hyde will love them and bless them in their simplicity and innocence when he sees them. Pray when will that time come? They are continually asking me when will the Apostles visit Wales? In reply, I have assured them that they shall have a hearty shake of the hand with one or two, if not the three of the Apostles, at our next annual conference, which will commence at Merthyr, on Sunday the 27th instant, being the first Sunday after Christmas-day. There is a general expectation among all ranks for you here, and woe be to poor me if some of you don't come; you know I have allowed much time—had a promise, and afterwards—"a long silence gives consent." Excuse me therefore for stirring up your pure minds by way of remembrance, and I desire you to jog the minds of brothers Pratt and Taylor.

But were I to write more I could only say that the great car of Mormonism is traversing over the Cambrian hills with astonishing rapidity—crushing all who oppose its mighty impetus into powder beneath its huge diamond wheels, and onward it goes again, as though

it was destined to pick up thousands of the "Ancient Briton" race in its golden carriages, and land them on the everlasting hills of heaven. May angels help to drag or push it onward, till it lands us all at home, is my prayer. What say you, dear brother?

Please to give my best wishes to our beloved brothers Pratt and Taylor,* as well as yourself; also to brothers Cain, Brown, Carter, &c.

I remain your obedient servant and brother in the kingdom of God,

D. JONES.

* Elders Pratt and Taylor cannot visit Wales till after the New Year.

MARRIAGE.

We feel to give a word of counsel and advice to the Saints upon this important institution, ordained of heaven for the comfort and well-being of both male and female in this life, when duly considered and appreciated, and for their exaltation and glory in that life which is to come. We are a friend to matrimony, and consider that no man can be perfect, or, rather, perfectly fill the measure, design, purpose and end of his creation without a wife, any more than a woman can fill the purpose and design of her creation without a husband.

There are many men who incur a fearful responsibility by omitting this duty. Their penurious dispositions in too many cases prevent them from taking a woman honourably as a wife, and providing for and protecting her; therefore, there are many women that, perhaps, may be any thing but ornaments to their sex, who, but for this criminal neglect of duty in men, would be a balm to soothe our cares and sorrows, and dry up the fountain of misery in many a heart. Men may be free from the sin of licentiousness themselves, yet by neglecting to become partners and protectors of females, they leave them exposed to a thousand snares; and how many fall into the lowest vices when thus neglected, and descend into irretrievable ruin? Remember, oh ye bachelors! that to your charge much of this sin will be imputed by that God whose ordinance you have neglected to fulfil; we mean, more particularly, such as have the ability to provide for a wife, and have not generosity enough to do it.

But in selecting partners for life, both parties should be careful, and through prayer unto our Heavenly Parent, seek for those who have goodness at heart, with a spirit and disposition congenial to their own. But to the Saints we would most emphatically say, and enjoin upon you, that you become bound in matrimony to none except to those of your own religion, unless you were under an especial covenant before you joined the church. Two cannot walk together except they be agreed; and Paul says that it is not good to be unequally yoked together with unbelievers. If you sincerely believe your own religion, you must regard all as unbelievers who have not faith in it. If you do not consider them unbelievers, you must have some doubts of the correctness of your religion, or that there are more true religions than one.

We will here take the liberty to relate a circumstance with which we have been made acquainted by the mother of the young lady who is the subject of this narration. A very respectable family, by the name of B——, living in the town of D—, not more than fifty miles distant from this place, belonging to our church, had a daughter who received the addresses of a young man of the Roman Catholic religion. Her parents did not realize that any thing very serious was going on between them, until, indeed, the daughter had become completely led away by his artful intrigues, (she being only about sixteen years old). He persuaded her to leave home and get married to him unknown to her parents. She reposed all confidence in his integrity. Her unsuspecting heart knew no evil, and consequently feared none. She complied with his wishes—they went to the priest and were married. Soon the first heated passions of the heart wore away, and left him unmindful of his kind promises. They soon began to disagree about religion, and could not unite with one another in going to any place of worship, and consequently did not attend to religion in any way, but became cold and indifferent. He then began to abuse her with his tongue—next he beat and whipped her, and after living, or, rather, staying together in this way about three years, she was forced, by his cruelty and violence, to forsake him and return to her father's house. She looks like a child of sorrow. The cheek is there where beauty once sat, but it is pale and care-worn by the cruelty of a wicked man. She has a small babe, the fruit of their union, whose meagre and skeleton appearance shows that it was a partaker of its mother's troubles before it was born into the world. The poor girl is now paying the sad penalty of disregarding the advice of her parents, and going in opposition to the teachings of our holy religion.

We, therefore, avail ourselves of this opportunity to raise our warning voice again in the name of the God of Israel, and say to the Saints, marry not out of our church, and do

not marry those who have just come into it either. We will "summer and winter them" first, then we can tell better whether they are worthy of our confidence or not. It is bad not to be married at all, yet it is worse to be unequally yoked. Those, therefore, who will go contrary to the order of God's kingdom and government in this respect, cannot expect to be exalted or obtain the glory of that empire of whose increase and government there shall be no end. EDITOR.

LINES,

Written in the Album of Miss Abby Jane Hart, of New York City.

BY ELDER JOHN TAYLOR.

Abby: Knowest thou whence thou camest? Thine
Origin? Who thou art? What? and whither
Thou art bound? A crysolis of yesterday:
To-day a gaudy fluttering butterfly—
A moth; to-morrow crushed, and then an end
Of thee. Is this so? And must thou perish
Thus, and die ingloriously without a
Hope?
Ah, no; thou'rt no such thing. Thou in the
Bosom of thy Father bask'd, and liv'd, and
Mov'd thousands of years ago. Yes, e'er this
Mundane sphere from chaos sprung, or sun, or
Moon, or stars, or world was fram'd: before the
Sons of God for joy did shout, or e'er the
Morning stars together sung—thou liv'dst.
Thou liv'dst to live again. Ah, no! thou liv'd
But to *continue* life eternal—to
Live, and move, and act eternally. Yes;
Long as a spirit, God, or world exists;
From everlasting, eternal, without end.
And whilst thou dwelt in thy paternal home,
And with thy brethren shar'd extatic bliss,
All that a spirit could not cloth'd in flesh,
Thou through the vista of unnumbered years
Saw'st through the glimmering veil that thou would'st
Dwell in flesh—just as the Gods.
Tread in the
Footsteps of thine elder brother, Jesus—
The "Prince of Peace," for whom a body was
Prepared.
Thou heard; thou look'd; thou long'd; thou pray'd;
Thou hop'd for this. At length it came; and thou
Appear'd on this terraqueous ball,
Body and spirit; a living soul, forth
From the hands of Eloheim—eternal
As himself—part of thy God. A small spark
Of Deity struck from the fire of his
Eternal blaze.
Thou came! thou came to live! Of life thou art
A living monument; to it thou still
Dost cling eternal life. To thee all else
Are straw, and chaff, and bubbles light as air;
And will be all, until thou gain once more
Thy Father's breast; rais'd, quicken'd, immortal;
Body, spirit, all: a God among the
Gods forever bles't.
Abby: and hast thou dared to launch thy
Fragile barque on truth's tempestuous sea;
To meet the pelting storm, and proudly brave
The dangers of the raging main; and through
The rocks, and shoals, and yawning gulphs, pursue
The *nearest* way to life, in hopes that thou
Would'st speedy gain a seat among the Gods?

Seest thou the multitudes who sail in
Gilded barques, and gently float along the
Silvery stream? Downward they go with sweet
Luxurious ease, and scarce a zephyr moves
The tranquil bosom of the placid stream.
Unconscious of the greatness of the prize
They might obtain, they glide along in peace;
And as they never soar aloft, nor mount
On eagle's wings, nor draw aside the veil
Of other worlds, they know none else than this—
No other joys. They dream away their life,
And die forgot. Just as the butterfly
They gaily flutter on: to-day they live—
To-morrow are no more.
And though, like thee,
In them is the eternal spark; thousands
Of weary years must roll along e'er they
Regain the prize they might with thee have shar'd.
Regain it? Never! No! They may come where
Thou wert, but never can they with thee share
Extatic bliss.
For whilst in heaven's progressive
Science skill'd, thou soard'st from world to world, clad
In the robes of bright seraphic light; and
With thy God, eternal—onward goest, a
Priestess and a queen—reigning and ruling in
The realms of light. Unlike the imbeciles
Who dared not brook the scorn of men, and knew not
How to prize eternal life.
Abby: the cup 's within thy reach; drink thou
The vital balm and live.

New York, September 5th, 1846.

REFLECTIONS BY A DEAF AND DUMB YOUNG MAN.

The following are the reflections of a young man between 18 and 19 years of age, to whom we administered baptism a few days ago. He is deaf and dumb, and it will be seen by this, that persons educated from sight alone, unaided by sound, construct their sentences after the idiom of a foreign language, proving that the construction of our language is quite unnatural.

We publish it as a curiosity. The style, though simple, is forcible, expressive, and weighty. It was found upon his table in his own hand-writing in the evening, while his parents were absent on a visit. On returning late in the evening, they found these thoughts lying upon the table, and himself sleeping in bed.

Elder O. Hyde baptized me, and then my mother and step-father, brother Hewitt, and sisters Belinda Hewitt and Bond, were re-baptized for the remission of sins, on Saturday, 5th December, about one or two o'clock. Who sent them? God sent them, to baptize, or bury down in the water. I love only best, God. Simeon Carter confirmed me, and under his hands, I, and all the brethren and sisters who were baptized, received the gift of the Holy Ghost. I wish all people to be baptized. I am very sorry that Joseph Smith and his brother were shot and killed.—The bad mob shot them.—God knows all about them.—They were very good, and preach. I wish Joseph Smith was not killed. When Jesus Christ comes here, he will rise from death. The Bible says, "thou shalt not kill." I love all Saints. I read in the Bible that John baptized Jesus Christ, and Peter baptized three thousand people. The Bible says, "that God can give to hear and speak, even the deaf and dumb."—God made me deaf and dumb. I am very glad to learn, by brother Taylor's letter, that he has baptized eighty-five persons near Birmingham, and I am glad that I was baptized. I wish all people would obey God. I am sure I am for Mormonism; God knows, I must never be cut off from the church. I wish to go to California soon—before five years, because Jesus Christ will come there, and he may go into the temple. I was very glad to read a *Star* about brother Pratt and he was escape from jail, at Missouri, in 1838. I am sure I never hate Saints. I was not afraid when I went down into the water, I thank God I was dreaming about being baptized, and angel led me out. All Saints people must never cut off from church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I must pray to God may give good to his people. If I was bad and quarrelsome, God will be angry

with me. I wish to be good, and obey God and my parents, and love the Mormons and Bible, and have care to be good. I wonder Almighty God made all earth and mankind. When Joseph Smith was killed, God sent all Saints people to be removed to California, from Manroo. That Mr. Wilson must pay each penny or one shilling all weeks, and pay to people because he was spend money from Joint Stock Company. God knows me about it—I am very sorry and pity. Jesus Christ was crucified in Jerusalem, and he has gone into heaven. Tell people, must not kill and murder. I must pay money to the poor's in Music Hall. When I go to church of Latter-day Saints, I cannot hear from preacher, but I can read a Bible or Book of Mormon, &c. I am very sorry that Miss Mary Sherratt, and her aunt, Mrs. Sherratt, of St. Helens, died. When I die, I may see her; she is very good Saint.

JOHN SHERRATT.

A LIST OF MONIES RECEIVED SINCE THE ISSUING OF THE 9TH NUMBER UP TO FRIDAY, THE 11TH INSTANT, INCLUSIVE.

	£	s	d
Robert Martin	42	4	5
Alfred Shaw	0	7	0
David Candland	2	11	0
William Gibson	2	5	0
James White	1	10	0
Samuel W. Richards	4	15	10
Charles Phelps	1	16	0
William Cartwright	2	0	0
George Kendall	0	10	7
James S. Cantwell	0	10	0
Joseph Wooton	1	0	7
Crandal Dean	1	6	10
Carried forward	£57	11	2

	£	s	d
Brought forward	£57	11	2
Lorenzo D. Butler	0	12	6
Thomas Nicholson	0	10	4
George Kobler	2	0	0
Benjamin Johnson, (Wilgersdale)	1	10	0
John Halliday	0	7	0
William Clark	2	0	0
William West	1	5	0
Robert Holt	0	18	0
John Johnson	0	17	0
Paul Hazelton	0	4	0
Jethet Hughes	0	11	6
	£68	8	3

NOTICES.

Our present number contains one half more matter than the quantity we generally issue. We are, therefore, under the necessity of charging 2½d. instead of 2d. We have been compelled to increase the size of the STAR *this number, in order to clear up our articles that we may have a fair start with our New Volume.*

In a portion of our last impression there occurred an error in addition of £20 in the Joint Stock Company's Balance Sheet, which consequently left a balance of that sum unaccounted for by the officers of the Company. To those, therefore, who obtained copies of our first impressions, we have to state that the sum not accounted for at the end of the balance sheet, is incorrect, such sum arising solely from the error we have named.

The time is drawing near when we must leave England. We are daily looking for brother Spencer to take our place. We therefore most earnestly request our agents to make all the exertions they can to settle their accounts with the office, even if they should borrow a little money for the time being. This would help us much.

What brother, sister, or friend to the persecuted and oppressed is there in England, who may feel disposed to make a donation, or bequeath a legacy to the Saints in the wilderness, in this, the day of their calamity and sorrow. We should be happy to become the bearer of any such token to the Saints now in tribulation—they would be most grateful to receive it; and your grateful heart would well nigh burst with joy to hear the Son of God say to you in a coming day—"Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me. Enter thou into the joys of your Lord." Now is your time to make to yourselves friends with the "Unrighteous Mammon." We shall not be long with you.

It should not be forgotten that we send no more STARS *or books after this number, to any agent, unless we get a certificate from the presiding elder of a branch or conference, that the said agent has been appointed by the voice of the Saints, and that the Saints, or a branch or conference, have become responsible for the payment. We intend to allow the agents a profit that will make him good for his trouble and cost, and, therefore, the office must be secured or it cannot continue. In case there are any changes under this new regulation, the former agent will deliver up all monies, books, and* STARS *into the hands of his duly appointed successor, who will take a receipt for the same thereof. It should also be remembered that our agents are not to sell books or* STARS *on credit hereafter. The money must be paid in hand, for we intend to lower the prices of books, so much so, that it will be an object to pay down; in fact, we cannot live unless we adopt the "ready money system." Men should be appointed for agents who will punctually remit monies with the* STAR, *and make every arrangement with us, not only to the Saints, but also to the world.*

Let it not be forgotten that the Joint Stock Committee with all persons who have paid any thing for shares in said Company, to forward their receipts without delay to Mr. T. D. Brown, No 6, Gorse Piazza, if they are willing to sign off their claims and be rid of the concern. We hope this will be attended to soon, and not think next week will do as well as this. The Committee are anxious to close the concern with all possible dispatch.—Since our last we have paid near £50 more of the Joint Stock money to the Joint Stock Lawyer, making in all near £200 paid to him. The Saviour said, "If we sue you lawyers!" and we endorse the sentiment, and say further, "If we owe you that have so freely and liberally gathered, and them, most unscrupulously, at the expense of the poor and toy at your ease." There is still a bill of nearly £100 yet unsettled upon the Joint Stock Company for rent, which was caused by the delay of the officers in getting a transfer of the Stanley Buildings from Hadfield to themselves. When this is paid, and also some more necessary expenses incurred, that will have to be paid, the shareholders will readily see that but little will remain to be divided—not enough to buy each shareholder his blanket. No one need, therefore, hold on to their receipts, thinking to make much out of a broken-down, spent, and squandered capital.

LIVERPOOL: EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY ORSON HYDE, 6, GORSE PIAZZA.

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Morning stars together sung—thou liv'dst.
Thou liv'dst to live again. Ah, no! thou liv'd
But to *continue* life eternal—to
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To meet the pelting storm, and proudly brave
The dangers of the raging main; and through
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LINES,

Written in the Album of Miss Abby Jane Hart, of New York City.

BY ELDER JOHN TAYLOR.

Abby: Knowest thou whence thou camest? Thine
Origin? Who thou art? What? and whither
Thou art bound? A crysolis of yesterday:
To-day a gaudy fluttering butterfly—
A moth; to-morrow crushed, and then an end
Of thee. Is this so? And must thou perish
Thus, and die ingloriously without a
Hope?
Ah, no; thou'rt no such thing. Thou in the
Bosom of thy Father bask'd, and liv'd, and
Mov'd thousands of years ago. Yes, e'er this
Mundane sphere from chaos sprung, or sun, or
Moon, or stars, or world was fram'd: before the
Sons of God for joy did shout, or e'er the
Morning stars together sung—thou liv'dst.
Thou liv'dst to live again. Ah, no! thou liv'd
But to *continue* life eternal—to
Live, and move, and act eternally. Yes;
Long as a spirit, God, or world exists;
From everlasting, eternal, without end.
And whilst thou dwelt in thy paternal home,
And with thy brethren shar'd extatic bliss,
All that a spirit could not cloth'd in flesh,
Thou through the vista of unnumbered years
Saw'st through the glimmering veil that thou would'st
Dwell in flesh—just as the Gods.
Tread in the
Footsteps of thine elder brother, Jesus—
The "Prince of Peace," for whom a body was
Prepared.
Thou heard; thou look'd; thou long'd; thou pray'd;
Thou hop'd for this. At length it came; and thou
Appear'd on this terraqueous ball,
Body and spirit; a living soul, forth
From the hands of Eloheim—eternal
As himself—part of thy God. A small spark
Of Deity struck from the fire of his
Eternal blaze.
Thou came! thou came to live! Of life thou art
A living monument; to it thou still
Dost cling eternal life. To thee all else
Are straw, and chaff, and bubbles light as air;
And will be all, until thou gain once more
Thy Father's breast; rais'd, quicken'd, immortal;
Body, spirit, all: a God among the
Gods forever bles't.
Abby: and hast thou dared to launch thy
Fragile barque on truth's tempestuous sea;
To meet the pelting storm, and proudly brave
The dangers of the raging main; and through
The rocks, and shoals, and yawning gulphs, pursue
The *nearest* way to life, in hopes that thou
Would'st speedy gain a seat among the Gods?

Seest thou the multitudes who sail in
Gilded barques, and gently float along the
Silvery stream? Downward they go with sweet
Luxurious ease, and scarce a zephyr moves
The tranquil bosom of the placid stream.
Unconscious of the greatness of the prize
They might obtain, they glide along in peace;
And as they never soar aloft, nor mount
On eagle's wings, nor draw aside the veil
Of other worlds, they know none else than this—
No other joys. They dream away their life,
And die forgot. Just as the butterfly
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Thou wert, but never can they with thee share
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With thy God, eternal—onward goest, a
Priestess and a queen—reigning and ruling in
The realms of light. Unlike the imbeciles
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The vital balm and live.

New York, September 5th, 1846.

REFLECTIONS BY A DEAF AND DUMB YOUNG MAN.

The following are the reflections of a young man between 18 and 19 years of age, to whom we administered baptism a few days ago. He is deaf and dumb, and it will be seen by this, that persons educated from sight alone, unaided by sound, construct their sentences after the idiom of a foreign language, proving that the construction of our language is quite unnatural.

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